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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

J. F. GRANT,

AND

H. CALDWELL,

at the

advance, or \$3 dollars at the end

of the year, unless paid in advance.

Subscription discontinued until all

arrearages are paid, unless at the option

of the publisher a wish to discontinue, will

be considered an engagement for the next

year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements of 12 lines or less \$1

per insertion, and 50 cents for each

subsequent insertion, over 12 lines counted as

13 lines, and over 24 as three, &c.

Regular insertions charged one dollar

per square for each insertion.

Personal advertisements and commu-

nications charged double the foregoing

rates.

Work and advertising must be paid

in advance.

Advertisements handed in without direc-

tions as to the number of insertions, will be

published until forbid and charged accord-

ing to the above.

A liberal discount will be made on adver-

tisements inserted for six or twelve months.

For announcing candidates \$3 in ad-

vance, or \$5 if payment be delayed till the

election.

For inserting circulars, &c., of candi-

dates, 50 cents per square.

POSTAGE MUST BE PAID ON ALL LETTERS

Addressed to the Editors on business.

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS

FOR THE

Fall & Winter of

1852.

H. W. WIENES

now receiving a rich and complete

assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Consisting, in part, of Ladies fine

and Gents, together with every variety

of Dress Goods, Calicoes, Gingham,

and all other

articles adapted to the wants of

the community. He also offers a splen-

did assortment of

Straw Bonnets, plain and fancy,

Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, Lad-

ies Gowns, black and colored Kid

gloves, Muslin sleeves and collars, and

all other

articles too tedious to

enumerate. He

also has on hand a large

assortment of

Black Cloths, for Coats or Cloaks, Black

and Fancy Cassimeres, for Pants or

Suits, Satinets, Jeans, Kerseys—in

fact, can be supplied with anything

that is necessary to make a man

a man.

A magnificent lot of Guns and Car-

tridges, comprises a part of his stock. He

invites the special attention of sports-

men to his Guns, superior to any thing

ever offered in this market.

GROCERIES.—A fine lot of Gro-

ceries.—Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c.,

Candies, &c., will be kept constantly

on hand to supply the demand of his

customers.

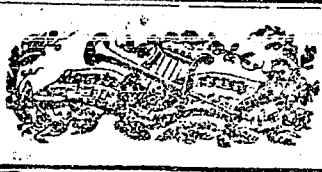
H. W. W. while he in conclusion,

states that the above named articles

comprise but a small portion of his last

assortment, begs leave to add that this is

an age of progress—progress in every



POETRY.

From the Literary World.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

They tell us, Love, that you and I
Our happiest days are seeing,
While yet is shut from either's eye
The change that waits on being;
Ah! life they say's a weary way
With less of joy than sorrow,
For where the sunlight falls to-day
There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear
The test of change and sorrow,
And only deeper channels wear
In passing to each morrow;
Then better were it that to-day
We fervently were praying,
That what we have might pass away
While we the words were saying.

The heart has depths of bitterness
As well as depths of pleasure,
And those who love not unless
They both of those can measure;
There is a time, and it will come,
When this they must discover,
And woe if either then be dumb
To power that moved the lover.

There are some spots where each
Will fall,
And each will need sustaining;
For suffering is the lot of all;
And is of God's ordaining;
Then therefore do our hearts unite
In bonds that none can sever,
If not to bless each changing light,
And strengthen each endeavor.

Then while these happy days we
Bless,
Let us no doubt be sowing;
God's mercy never will be less,
Though He should change the
showing;
Such be our faith as on we tread,
Each trusting and obeying,
As two who by His hand are led,
And hear what He is saying.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THOUGHT COME NO MORE.
I think of thee! those orbs that roll
In yon soft sky so blue and bright
Bring gently to my pensive soul
One heavenly dream of lost delight.

At eve the stars come back to
Heaven,
And sparkle happier than before-
To me, alas! no joy is given!
I weep to think thou'lt come no
more.

I hate the songs I sung of old,
Though they were dearest then to me—
I cannot bear the world, so cold,
Should hear those songs I sung for thee.

When Summer's fled the earth is
lone,
The wild bird's silver note is o'er-
And thus with me, when thou art
gone!

I weep to think thou'lt come no
more.
Roll on, resistless time! thy wing
Shall never change thy spirit's
bliss;

And if I could, I would not fling
Away a dream of love like this.
Yet when my shattered bark hath
past
The wave's of life's dark ocean
o'er—

If thou, loved one, art found at last,
In Heaven I'll rest, and weep no
more!

MELODIA.

CONFESSION OF ONE OF THE MURDERERS OF GARDNER AND MILLER.

Our readers will recollect (says the Louisville Courier) that only a short time since a horrible murder was committed on board a flat boat about one hundred miles below this city. In the Madison Daily Banner, of Tuesday the 24th inst., we find the following confession of one of the murderers:

Having learned that Robert Kelly, who is imprisoned in our county jail, on a charge of murder, had confessed to the part he took in the awful tragedy which hurried three human beings into eternity, we made arrangements to obtain a true statement of the confession.

In a conversation with two gentlemen in the jail, young Kelly stated that he was raised in the vicinity of Versailles, in this State, where his parents now reside. He went to Cincinnati, a short time ago, to use his own language, "to make a raise." Soon after he reached Cincinnati, he and his brother Moses shipped on a flat-boat, belonging to Messrs. Gardner & Miller. The boat was laden with potatoes, apples, &c., and was destined for the Southern coasting trade. Thus manned, the boat, with Gardner & Miller on board, started down the river. When some eighteen miles above Troy, Ind., the boat was landed in consequence of high wind, and two of the hands went ashore for the purpose of taking a hunt. The evening being calm, the boat was turned into the stream, leaving the two men ashore. Shortly after the boat left the shore, the prisoner states that Moses Kelly, his brother, told him of his intention to murder the proprietors of the boat for their money. This he states, was the first intimation he had received from his brother of his murderous intentions. His brother had no enemy whatever against either of the deceased, and committed the bloody deed solely for the purpose of obtaining their money.

About two o'clock the next morning, he was called from his bed by his brother and told that the time had come when the other men upon the boat must die. They were Gardner, Miller and a hand by the name of Frank —, the prisoner having forgotten his surname. He went upon the roof of the boat for the purpose, he says, of keeping a lookout, and his brother went below and murdered the three men. He says he heard howls and groans, but refuses to state any of the particulars of the horrible tragedy. On being asked if he saw the men after they were dead, he replied that he did, but refused to say anything more upon that point. The bodies of the murdered men were thrown into the river, through the scuttle of the boat, and their spilled blood was wiped from the floor by the two brothers. Upwards of one thousand dollars in money were taken from the murdered men; but the prisoner refused to state whether or not he shared it with his brother.

The two Kellys left the boat next morning and went to Evansville, Ind. At that place Moses Kelly took passage on the John Simpson for St. Louis, and the prisoner returned to the residence of his father. The brother of Gardner, one of the murdered men, on examining the boat, discovered the envelope of a letter addressed to Moses Kelly. This caused suspicion to rest upon him as one of the murderers. Learning that Kelly lived near Versailles, Mr. Gardner made arrangements to find where he was. The wife of Kelly received a letter from him, postmarked St. Louis, and Gardner proceeded to procure his arrest. But the former being aware that the St. Louis police were on the lookout for him, eluded their search and returned to his home. He remained there about three hours and then left for parts unknown.

Up to that time suspicion had not rested upon the prisoner. Although he was at his father's house at the time Gardner was at Versailles, endeavoring to lay plans to arrest his brother, no one thought him guilty of murder. But Gardner, subsequently learning that he was absent from his home at the time the murders were committed, induced two gentlemen, who resided at North Bend, Ohio, at which place Gardner & Miller's flat boat stopped to take on some freight, to visit Versailles. On seeing the prisoner they recognized him as one of the hands on the boat. He was immediately arrested, examined before a justice of the peace, and committed to jail, to wait his trial.

Robert Kelly, the prisoner, is a youth about seventeen years of age. He is spare built, has blue eyes and light hair. His countenance is not good, yet he has none of the villain in his look. It seems almost incredible that one so young and one who has been reared away from the temptations of city life, should be base enough to be accessory to such a crime as the one to which he has confessed. But such is the fact.

What induced young Kelly to make a confession of his guilt, we know not. We are at a loss to imagine any reason for it, as it seems to us that it will have the effect to increase rather than mitigate the offence. Our readers may rest assured that the above statement is true—that is, a true account of Kelly's confession.

Mr. Calhoun on Cuba.
"During the progress of the Cuban controversy, we quoted," says the Washington Republic, "from the New York Journal of Commerce a statement of Mr. Calhoun's views in relation to the annexation of Cuba, as communicated by him to the editor of that Journal. According to that representation, the distinguished South Carolinian pronounced Cuba forbidden fruit. It has since been insinuated rather than asserted in some quarters that Mr. Calhoun modified it he did not altogether abandon the opinion before his death. Mr. Venable, in his excellent anti annexation speech in the House on Monday, referred to the subject for the purpose of showing that Mr. Calhoun's original opinion remained unchanged to the end. We extract from the official report of Mr. Venable's remarks."

And here, sir, I would with pious and reverential care, perform a duty which I owe to the memory of a distinguished statesman, whose unclouded and unequalled mind constantly reflected upon and studied the interests of his country generally, and his section in particular—whose pure heart to its latest throb was filled with love to his country, and whose matured judgment made him the safe guide. I refer to the great South Carolinian, who but two days before his death charged me that should he be misrepresented upon this subject, to give his true opinion. It has been said that Mr. Calhoun was in favor of the annexation of Cuba; that he was keeping a lookout, and his brother went below and murdered the three men. He says he heard howls and groans, but refuses to state any of the particulars of the horrible tragedy. On being asked if he saw the men after they were dead, he replied that he did, but refused to say anything more upon that point. The bodies of the murdered men were thrown into the river, through the scuttle of the boat, and their spilled blood was wiped from the floor by the two brothers. Upwards of one thousand dollars in money were taken from the murdered men; but the prisoner refused to state whether or not he shared it with his brother.

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From the Philadelphia North American.

The Secret of Success.

We are too much given in this world to attributing the success of men of genius to their genius—as if, indeed, genius were all, capable of supplying all deficiencies, even want of knowledge; or as if it were not rather to be regarded as a capacity to labor—to labor effectively and with a purpose—than as something mysteriously an miraculously differing from other more ordinary human gifts. This truth is, at least, certain, that the greatest geniuses are, and, as far as known, have always been, the most industrious men; and the world has never been admitted to peep at them behind the curtain, without finding them busy—busy—busy beyond the measure of all ordinary human toil. It has come to be pretty well understood, in the case of literary geniuses, how closely the divine faculty is associated with laborious industry—take the well remembered instance of Walter Scott, for example; and the same thing would be as clearly perceived in reference to the men of fame in other walks of ambition were it not that, from the nature of things, literary celebrities not only write more, but are more written about than others.

In one of the recent numbers of *Eliza Cook's Journal* (a periodical not as well known in the United States as in England where it is published) there is a clever article, entitled "Recollections of the Youth of Napoleon," which places that wonderful being in the category of those whose talent grew out of, or was firmly built upon, the fecund soil of effort. If there ever was a genius, Napoleon Bonaparte was assuredly one, and a great—great—great—indeed, a great one. It was his policy to inculcate the idea of "destiny"—to talk about his "star"; but his destiny was of his own carrying, his star was a lamp-light fed to meteor brightness by his own careful vigilance and indefatigable enterprise. It only needs to study the records of his early life, filled by himself, preserved by his uncle the Cardinal Fesch, and kept hidden under seal until within a few years back, to perceive how much he owed his unexampled progress in the after paths of conquest and empire to his own prodigious devotion to the means of greatness. Demosthenes on the sea shore, or in his voluntary prisonhouse, never labored harder, never, in fact, half so hard, to fit himself for being the chief orator of Athens, as the subaltern of Ajaccio labored to prepare himself to be the future master of France and the dictator of Europe. His whole youth, the spare time of the student, and all the leisure of the young military officer, were dedicated to a course of private self-cultivation unexampled for its severity and multifarious character. Letters, history, science, philosophy, law, government, war, human nature, were the objects of his study, his reflections, his pen; and when he afterwards electrified the world in the successive characters of conqueror of Italy and Egypt, First Consul, and mighty Emperor, the resources he brought to the performance—the ability, the tact, the knowledge, the ready preparedness, which looked like intuition, and were so often regarded as inspiration—were but the fruits borne of a tree duly planted and fostered—the natural consequences of a system of training which it was genius to impose and genius to pursue. "Napoleon," says the article referred to "no more attained his greatness by fits and starts—of a genius however extraordinary—than he made his way over the Alps by a sudden flight. In both cases the road was opened by labor, toil, and endurance."

How much more readily, how much more surely, may not similar "labor, toil and endurance" be expected to secure the lesser prizes of life—Independence, wealth, distinction—for which men struggle in their several avocations, professionally, mercantile, manufacturing, or otherwise. Is there not room—is there not a demand—in all for the genius which is born of industry and implies the intelligence and discipline of the faculties which are only to be acquired by effort?

There is no occupation so simple or so humble that it may not be made the means and opportunity of unusual success. Greatness is relative—it may exist in all capacities and functions—and it is a thing of will: he who wills it, wins it. Ambition is, or ought to be, a native influence in every mind; and all may indulge it freely who will indulge it bravely and wisely. The error is in those who despair

of the talent which will not bear to be contrasted with that of the world great men, and who would laugh to think of a parallel being drawn between their cases and that of a Demosthenes or a Napoleon. There is, on the other hand the encouragement that the aim is lower and the reward more attainable. It is much easier for an extraordinary man to command success in the common pursuits of life than it was for the stammering Athenian to become the first orator of Greece, or for the poor cadet of Corsica to fight his way to the imperial throne of France.

The London Times says of the increased maritime defences of England, and of the increase in the artillery force, that they are not to be regarded as indicative of war, but as a security for peace. That journal evidently considers, however, that the movement points at a possible attempt at invasion of the Island. The following are a few of that paper's suggestions:

Tus. Mon.
At our own option we retain or abandon the advantages of our insular position, and surely it is too great an advantage to be lightly thrown away. It is not, however, enough now to guard the seas; some portion of care must be extended to the land; for it is but too evident that, despite of the utmost vigilance that can be exercised by our marine scouts, an active enemy might disembark without difficulty at various points of the seaboard of these islands. Our only security against such expeditions must be sought for in such a state of military preparation as would enable the officers charged with the defences of the country to give a good account of them, while our fleets cut off all possibility of success. So far are we from being "alarmists," that we very confidently believe, that if the most ordinary circumstances be used, the heart of the empire is as secure as ever from hostile attack. But it will not do any longer to shut our eyes to the possible consequences of supineness and inaction.

The arm in which we have hitherto been mainly deficient has been the artillery. It was matter of doubt last year amongst competent authorities if half a dozen batteries could have been produced on a sudden emergency for the defence of England. Yet it is upon the artillery we must mainly rely for the speedy destruction of an invading force. To repair this defect in our preparations, orders have just been issued for the enlistment of 2000 additional artillerymen, and for the purchase of 1000 horses, which are to be exclusively appropriated to this branch of the service. Nor is this all. Vigorous measures are in progress for the construction of so many carriages and ammunition wagons as may be requisite for 200 field guns. At the present rate of preparation, these batteries will be ready for service by the latter end of winter, or early in the spring; but, if any greater expedition were necessary, the time of preparation could be very materially shortened. This is a portion of the military preparations which must be postponed; for guns are not cast, or carriages constructed, or horses purchased, or artillery men trained in a day.

SHOOTING TRAGEDY IN NEW JERSEY.—On Friday afternoon, a man named William Caton, about 55 years of age, living with a distant relation named O'Brien, in Washington township Bergen county, New Jersey, perpetrated the most brutal murder upon the bodies of two of O'Brien's children, during the absence of their father and mother. The girl aged about 11, who had been violated, was found in the house in a pool of her own blood, with her head nearly severed from her body, while the boy, aged about 9 years, was found on the hill side among some shrubbery near to the house, his head entirely cut off by an axe, and his body horribly mutilated by six or seven different gashes made by the same instrument. A coroner's jury was empanelled and a verdict rendered that the children met their death by blows from an instrument, in the hands of William Caton. The murderer is still a large.

One of Tom Moore's obituaries: Here lies John Shaw, Attorney at Law; And when he died, The Devil cried, Give us your paw, John Shaw, Attorney at Law;

Little Mary's Story.

"Mary," said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid, one cold night in December, "tell me about Thanksgiving day before papa went to Heaven; I am cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep—I want something nice to think about."

"Hush!" said the elder child; "don't let dear mama hear you—come nearer to me," and they laid their cheeks together.

"I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall; and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the green patches in the wood; and we had a pretty gold fish on the side-table and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them; and papa, (you can't remember papa, Letty) he was tall and grand like a prince, and when he smiled he made me think of angels. He brought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on *Romeo's* live back, and laughed because I was afraid! And I used to watch to see him come up the street, and then run to the door to jump in his arms; he was a dear kind papa," said the child, in a faltering voice.

"Don't cry," said the little one; "please tell me some more."

"Well, Thanksgiving-day we were so happy; we sat around such a large table; with so many people; aunts and uncles and cousins. (I can't think why they never come to see us now, Letty) and Betty made such sweet pies, and we had a big big turkey; and papa would have me set next to him, and gave me the wish-bone and all the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner he would take me in his lap, and tell me 'Red Riding Hood,' and call me 'pet,' 'bird,' and 'fairy.' Ah! Letty, I can't tell any more; I believe I am going to cry."

"I'm very cold," said Letty; "Does papa know, up in Heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?" "Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears; "unable to reconcile her ideas of Heaven with such a thought.

EDWARD RICH,
ELIJAH LEAGLE,
JOHN WORTHINGTON. } Treas.

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ELIJAH LEAGLE,
JOHN WORTHINGTON. } Treas.

